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THE
T H E R I A D
AN
HEROI-COMIC POEM:

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED
SOME MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
AND NOTES.

By A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

L O N D O N :
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P R E F A C E.

IT will not be amiss to inform our Readers that the Poems contained in this Volume were chiefly written abroad ; they are now with all deference submitted to public inspection, as the amusements of a few leisure hours, and not the laborious performances of the pen ; if therefore not worthy of the smiles of approbation, it is at least hoped they will escape the frowns of censure.

Should the Author however be unhappy enough to offend any of the thrice-learned tribe of Critics, it may be some consolation to them to know,

that as this is the first, so also will it be the last time of transgressing, unless indeed he should attempt to revive the old days of Arcadia, which is not very likely to be the case.

To his Friends he returns his most grateful thanks for the favor they have done him in contributing towards the publication of his Book, and he begs leave to subscribe himself most respectfully

Their Obliged and

Obedient Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

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THE
THERIAID:
AN
HEROI-COMIC POEM,
WITH
NOTES.

Videas concurrere bellum
Atque feram. LUC.

Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens—
Fremet horridus ore cruento
Dentibus infrendens, et tergo decutit hastas. VIRG.

UTOPIA:

Penned for TIMOTHY TIGER, LEMUEL LEO, and
BARACHIAS BRUIN, at the Sign of the FOAMING
BOAR, *Wolf-Street*, the North-East Corner of *Savage-
Square*.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911

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T H E
T H E R I A D*.

A RMS and the Beast, I sing, which eager
Eats up the eaters of soup maigre,
And sends their hapless souls to dwell
In Pluto's dark and dreary cell ;
Where born, or bred, or nurs'd, none knows,
In Apennine or Alpine snows ;
In Pyrenean cave or den,
Or some umbrageous reedy fen :

* From *Θηρίον*, Gr. a beast. In the year 1765, the papers were filled with accounts of the depredations of a wild beast, in France, chiefly in the Pays de Givaudan in the province of Languedoc. This famous beast is the subject of the poem.

This, like the fabled head of Nile*,
In darkness wrapt, must rest awhile.

Thus heroes, in the Mythic† age,
Who swell'd the muse-inspired page,
That they were born there is no doubt,
Where, or of whom, was ne'er made out :
As little does it yet appear
What beast he is, or boar, or bear ;
Whether he shews the leopard's spots,
Or as the lordly lion trots ;
Hyena wolf, or tyger fell,
No connoisseur as yet can tell ;
But sure a more horrendous pest
Did never Christian realms infest ;
For where he comes he kills and eats,
Delighting most in human meats;

* *Head of Nile.* The source whereof much puzzled the ancients.

† Mythic age signifies the fabulous period of time, famous for the poetic history of the heroes and demigods of the Heathens, who were, of old, men of renown, but whose origin was unknown : we may stile it the first edition of giants, knight-errants, &c.

Some

Some on the spot he quick devours,
 With others in his mouth he scours
 O'er hedges, hills, mounts, ramparts, walls,
 Regardless of their dying squalls :
 So have I seen with mouse in paw,
 And sometimes rat in griping jaw,
 O'er the pale's top Grimalkin spring,
 As swift as eagle on the wing.

A council's call'd, the monarch fat,
 The grandee-peers around him squat,
 When first the jewel of a man *,
 Looking around the wise divan,
 To open the matter thus began.

" This beast, which my good people vexes,
 " Is what, my friends, me much perplexes ;
 " They're slaves, 'tis true, but still I say,
 " I'm griev'd they're made to beasts a prey ;—
 " That when I've flead 'em to the quick,
 " A filthy brute their blood should lick.

* *Jewel of a man*: le bien aimé, a pretty good translation.

" A prince of yore*, fo we are told,
 " In all the magic art of gold
 " By Phœbus taught, was wont to fay,
 " That load a mule, with gold, you may
 " March into forts the eafieft way.
 " Sage oracle! probatum eft,
 " In north and fouth, in eaft and weft.

* Philip, king of Macedon: he is faid to have been taught of Phœbus (that is, the oracle of Apollo had counfelled him) to attend to that part of king-craft efpecially, that prompts princes to fight as well with weapons of gold, as of iron, as a fure and fafe way to prevail over their enemies; which oraculous admonition or direktion has been carefully obferved, and praftifed with full fuccels, by many a grand monarque fince his time. Some one (Cicero, I think) relates it as the favorite maxim of this princely genius, " That no fortrefs was impregnable, provided it had a way leading to it large enough to give entrance to an afs or mule laden with gold." To this Horace alludes,

Diffidit urbium

Portas Vir Macedo, et fubruit æmulos

Reges muneribus.

Ode XVI.

The Man of Macedon, they fay,
 By fkilful ufe of golden key,
 Through gates of brafs could force his way,
 And rival kings fubdue, tho' bold,
 By dint of wonder-working gold.

" Patriots

" Patriots we've heard of wise and stout,
 " With pensions some, and some without,
 " But few were found so stout or wise,
 " But dust of gold would blind their eyes.
 " Kings, senates, statesmen, warriors bold,
 " Are fool'd and dastardiz'd by gold ;
 " But beasts on gold can make no meal,
 " So here the precious ore must fail :
 " For Louis d'ors * I find no room,
 " Else beast should fare like Bergopzoom :
 " Louis d'ors ! what mortal stands before 'em,
 " But bestia hæc non curat aurum †.
 " Say then what plan shall we contrive
 " To take him dead, or else alive?"

* A French coin, well known to many patriots, and no patriots; here put for any valuable species of money in general.

† *Bestia hæc*. A saying of a certain cardinal, with respect to Luther, the famous reformer. "This beast cares not for gold." How strange, passing strange, must such a novelty appear in the eyes of a cardinal! how unorthodox! how heretical! how truly beast-like!

Here ceas'd le Roi ; up rose D'Aumale,
 The cardinal high priest of Baal ;
 With rev'rend gravity he rose,
 First strok'd his chin, then tweak'd his nose,
 As tho' thought issued through the drains
 At which Hibernians* lose their brains.
 Quoth he, " Suppose I now should scatter
 " O'er all our rivers holy water,
 " And words of incantation mutter
 " O'er every pond, and ditch, and gutter ;
 " Or curse him with bell, book, and candle,
 " Be he Turk, Tartar, Goth or Vandal,

* *At which Hibernians.* This alludes to an old story in the days of the Second Charles, of facetious memory. He had taken a fancy, it seems, that the Hibernians, alias Irish, were peculiarly distinguished from the rest of his good subjects by their handsome noses ; and enquiring one day what reason could be assigned for this peculiarity, an Irish gentleman, then present, happened to say it was a common practice with the nurses of that country, when the children had got colds, to suck their noses ; upon which the merry monarch immediately said, " I have long been at a loss to determine how, or which way, the Irish lost their brains ; but I find now that the good women suck them out through their noses when they are children."

" Devil

" Devil or beast, when once so curst,
 " He shall no sooner drink than burst :
 " This without blood, I think will do't,
 " Then nod consent, and I'll go to't."

With leer disdainful quick upstarts
 The marshal duke of de la Tarts ;
 " Old hocus pocus priest avaunt,
 " Nor dream with words this beast to daunt,
 " Much less to kill ; far other deed
 " Must be atchiev'd to make him bleed.—
 " Go thou, and scatter through the nations
 " Indulgences and dispensations,
 " Death requiems sing, and masses say,
 " And souls from Purgatory pray,
 " To gaping bigots pardon sell,
 " *Unstring your purses, all is well ;*"
 " Then snuffle out with pious drawl
 " The doughty blessing on them all,
 " Like a true, trusty, canting prater,
 " Qui vult decipi decipiatur ; *

" But

* *Qui vult decipi.* It is reported of Fetzal, the Pope's
 pardon-monger, that being sent into Germany to sell his
 indulgences,

“ But leave to us, to men of skill,
 “ This beast carniverous to kill ;
 “ To manage war’s the soldier’s part,
 “ Thy water is not worth a f—rt.”

The monarch interposed with, “ hush !
 “ All you have said’s not worth a rush.
 “ What’s your opinion Monsieur Shruggs?”
 “ Let’s hunt him down, say I, with dogs :
 “ With hound and horn, and cheer sonorous,
 “ Let all unite to swell the chorus ;
 “ Then o’er the hills and far away,
 “ Pursue to where the beast shall stray ;
 “ This will afford us sport and pastime,
 “ And you’ll soon hear on’t for the last time.”

indulgences, and the people eager to purchase them, and procure his blessing, he was wont to make the sign of the cross in the air, at the same time repeating, in a long-winded, drawling, cathedral tone, with uplifted eyes, this Latin sentence, “ Qui vult decipi decipiatur,” in plain English, “ He that will be deceived, let him be deceived,” which the poor ignorant people took, it should seem, for an affectionate prayer, and an effectual blessing upon them.

“ Marquis

" Marquis Fastgabble, what's your plan?"

" Why, Sire, e'en kill him as you can ;

" With men or dogs to pieces tear him,

" But deuce take me if I go near him.

" Oh where are those choice spirits fled,

" By which the pristine monsters bled?

" Where is Alcides *, where his club,

" That mash'd the grim Cerberian cub,

" The triple sponce, whose hideous yell

" Scar'd all the trembling shades of hell?

" Bellerophon †! where art thou man?

" Protector of the Lycian clan.

" From

* *Alcides*. Hercules so called : a famous prize-fighter, or club-man of Greece, who the poets tell you bound Cerberus, the three-headed dog of hell, in chains, having first well curried his hide, and dragged him away after him. This same Cerberus always stood porter at Pluto's gate, ever ready to admit those who fed him well, and to growl at and repulse the rest. Some of the breed, it is said, are still remaining, in the shape of many a sad, surly, one-headed dog-porter, at this day, of whom you can rarely gain admittance to his master, without a good douceur first offered, by way of sop, to this Cerberian cub.

† *Bellerophon*. A worthy youth, who had virtue enough to resist the solicitations of a queen that was enamoured

" From huge portentous thing combin'd
 " Of lion, goat, and snake entwin'd ;
 " Cutting the air on winged nag,
 " Swift as on broomstick rides the hag,
 " When now she leaves the Lapland wilds,
 " And hies her to the Scottish isles.
 " But how shall I the loss bemoan
 " Of quondam prelate arch of Roan* ?

moured of him, and whom therefore she accused to her husband of a contrary conduct ; whereupon he was ordered out upon many dangerous and desperate enterprizes, with a view to destroy him ; among the rest he was sent to combat with the Chimæra, a terrible monster, which he successfully subdued, much beholden to Pegasus, the famous flying quadrupede, for the purpose.

Quando ullum invenies parem ?

Where will you find his peer ? A Joseph ! a Joseph !

* An archbishop of Roan in Normandy : that district being infested with a horrible dragon, was at last delivered from its ravages, we are told, by this good prelate, who, as the story goes, advancing intrepidly towards him, threw his robe about his neck, and delivered him to one of his companions (he had but two, a thief and a murderer, par nobile !) who led him to the town as quietly as a dog, where he was burnt, I suppose for a heretic.

" Who

" Who with his crofs and crofier stout
 " Could put a ring in dragon's snout,
 " And lead him like a spaniel dog,
 " Tho' fierce as Caledonian hog*.
 " Oh had we now but one fuch spark,
 " Or but one Pucelle, Joan of Arc†!
 " Who once our foes did fo bewitch,
 " That they miftook her for a witch,
 " Altho' I wean a heavenly maid,
 " That pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd,
 " No longer fould this beaft exult,
 " But quickly find his ne plus ult."

* The Caledonian hog, or boar, was, as Ovid relates, a mifchievous monftrous beaft, flain by Meleager and his companions.

† Pucelle, Joan of Arc; a young maid of mean extraction, pretending to a divine commiffion to undertake the relief of Orleans, then ftraitly befieged by the Englifh, which accordingly fhe accomplished; whence fhe is frequently ftiled the Maid of Orleans. Some time after, being taken prifoner, among others, by the Englifh, fhe was burnt at Roan for a witch, a heretic, and a whore. Poor Joan!

Quoth

Quoth Babooneau, great Count de Flery,

“ Permit me, Sire, to put a quære,

“ Doth not some Jesuit reside,

“ Transform’d within this brutal hide?

“ If not, I ask what other evil

“ Can so beplague us but the devil?

“ Old Scratch and Jesuit have been

“ In murd’rous pranks too near a kin ;

“ But how to mark the way to kill

“ This Jesuit beast is past my skill :

“ And yet methinks we need not hack him,

“ If we can catch and quickly pack him

“ To where the fickle goddess rules,

“ The isle of imitating fools :

“ For tho’ it bite, and tear, and seize ’em,

“ Yet send ’em what you will ’twill please ’em,

“ If but to them it comes from Francy,

“ The raree-shew will please their fancy.”

Quoth Gasconado, “ this won’t do,

“ ’Twill raise the glory of our foe ;

“ For

"For should they change their whim-sick mind,
 " Which fleeting veers with ev'ry wind ;
 " Then tho' corruption's harpy race
 " Are only fierce to get in place,
 " To shuffle cards and rattle dice,
 " To tricksters dupes, and slaves to vice,
 " To venture thousands which shall win
 " On Driver, Crab, or Harlequin ;
 " To bet on goose or turky's head,
 " Which of the two shall take the lead ;
 " Which maggot, shook from nut-brown case,
 " Shall, fairly starting, win the race ;
 " Still there remains a Hotspur-crew,
 " As to our sorrows late we knew,
 " Who can and will (confound 'em) fight
 " Fiercer than their own bull-dogs bite ;
 " And should these deign to lead th' attack,
 " They soon would throw him on his back ;
 " And then in Ascalon and Gath
 " It will be told that England hath

" Done

" Done more than we brave French dare do,
 " And shall they say this? I swear no.
 " Come cease we then this fruitless tattle,
 " And lead our squadrons forth to battle."

He spoke and rose ; the warlike rabble,
 " To arms, to arms," impatient babble :
 The trumpet shrill, war-breathing, sounds,
 And from hoarse drums the noise rebounds ;
 The Oriflame *, portending war,
 Discord, and death, and bloody jar,
 Erected flames ; as when on high
 A comet blazes in the sky.

Mean while, sweet Rosabud, the Queen,
 A sweeter rose was never seen !
 Attended by her maids of honor,
 Proud and well-pleas'd to wait upon her,
 Up to the fane of Notredame,
 In solemn pomp a suppliant came ;

* Oriflame, a golden standard carried before the French army.

There

There stretch'd on marble pavement lies,
And thus unto the goddess cries :

“ Help, goddess, help, for well I know }
“ What all these votive tablets * shew, }
“ Thou help and succour canst bestow. }
“ There is a monster come from far,
“ That slaughter breathes, wounds, blood, and
war,

* *Votive tablets*, so called from a custom among the ancients of hanging up a picture, or tablet, after an escape from shipwreck, or any imminent danger, in the temple of that deity, whom in their distress they had invoked, and to whose interposition they owed, as they fancied, their preservation, a representation of which was always painted on such tablets; whence that well-known passage of Tibullus :

Nunc Dea, nunc succurre mihi, nam posse mederi,
Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.

That is, Help Goddess, help, &c. as in the poem. The like representations, and others in wax, are to be seen even at this day in Flanders, Spain, and other Roman Catholic countries, about the shrines of their saints, denoting their supposed miracles.

C

“ Some

" Some Cacodæmon, I presume,
 " Who does the shape of beast assume,
 " And kills, and eats, morn, noon, and night
 " Unhappy Frenchmen six or eight ;
 " Split, goddess, split his rav'nous maw,
 " Break all his teeth, unhinge his jaw,
 " Disarm, disarm his murd'rous paw,
 " So will I cause thy sacred shrine
 " With gold and precious stones to shine ;
 " A thousand tapers, burning bright,
 " Shall shed around perpetual light ;
 " A thousand beeves* of stateliest breed,
 " Which in the royal pastures feed,
 " Shall on thy smoaking altars bleed.

" Clouds

* *A thousand beeves, or bullocks.* N. B. A thousand!
 This, with the other donaria, gifts, or offerings, here
 promised and vowed, is a pretty costly one, we must allow ;
 but we are to remember that it is a queen who makes the
 vow, and therefore none need doubt the ability, much less
 distrust the intention to perform it : for who ever heard of
 a royal personage that ever promised more than he could
 perform,

" Clouds of sweet incense* shall arise,
 " Regale thy nose, and mount the skies,
 " While young and old shall sing thy praise
 " In aves aloud and welcome lays."

perform, or that performed less than he promised? Vulgar souls may be capable of both: witness that roguish tar, who, in a great storm at sea, when the ship was every moment in danger of going to the bottom, very devoutly, after the manner of sea-faring men, prayed to his tutelary faint (a she one too) and vowed, if she would give him a lift to shore but this once, he would make her an offering of a wax candle, at least as big as the ship's mast; which one of his companions overhearing, asked how he meant to perform the vow: to whom the devotee replied, " Hush, you fool, be quiet! let me but set my foot on shore, and I'll fob her off with a farthing candle." Thus verifying the old proverb, " The danger escaped, the faint is deceived."

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
 The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

* *Clouds of sweet incense.* This seems to be an imitation of the lyric poet, when in his address to Venus, he says,

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura.

HOR.

There shalt thou snuff up, in thy nose,
 Sweet incense, sweeter than the rose.

C 2

Thus

Thus spake the queen, her maids assented,
 Yet not a word the goddess vented,
 But mute and motionless she stood,
 A senseless statue carv'd of wood ;
 Form'd by Dædalian* art and hand,
 And hail'd a Goddess through the land.

Now to the bloody field we turn,
 Which infants yet unborn shall mourn,
 The deathful work of war survey,
 The people's pain, the monarch's play.

The coming storm our hero saw,
 First whets his tusks, then points his claw,
 Against a tough old beechen stump,
 Where oft before he'd scratch'd his rump ;
 And as 'tis said by one and all,
 Who have the military call,

* Dædalus was a famous Grecian artist of the highest reputation; whence, Dædali Opera was a proverbial way of speaking, to express the curiousness or excellency of any work.

" That a good general's skill is found
 " In the right chusing of his ground,"
 So beasts belligerent can ken
 The use of fame as well as men.
 A spot sagaciously he chose,
 Where he might best repel their blows ;
 Close on his rear there nodding stood
 A thick impenetrable wood,
 A deep morass his right flank guarded,
 Rocks on the left the foe retarded ;
 The front with trench could well dispense,
 Himself stood there, a sure defence ;
 Collected in his might he stands,
 And bravely dares the hostile bands :
 When, lo ! out steps a val'rous knight,
 Arm'd cap-a-pee for single fight :
 Knight of the golden shield was he,
 Wherein the motto, " allons *," see :

* *Knight of the golden shield* : an order of knighthood
 instituted by one of the kings of France : the motto of
 which was, " allons," signifying, let us go, viz. to the
 defence of our country.

Clashing his arms, he nimbly capers,
 And thus before the ranks he vapours :—
 “ Whate’er thou art, approach and feel
 “ How strong my arm, how sharp my steel :
 “ Now shalt thou rue the ills we saw done
 “ In land unhappy, clept Givaudan ;
 “ I’ll maul thee as St. George the dragon,
 “ Altho’ on foot, and ride no nag on :
 “ In air suspended shalt thou rot,
 “ Or cram the vulture’s greedy throat.”

Fame does not say the beast reply’d,
 But scornfully the chieftain ey’d,
 And without drum or trumpet’s rattle,
 Fiercely arous’d himself to battle.

Mercarcabarebones*, that’s the knight’s name,
 From a long line of kings the wight came,
 His

* *Mercarcabarebones*. What a riddle of a name !
 Enough to torture all the critics, grammarians, and ety-
 mologists of the world. Whence comes it? Whence de-
 rived? Various have been the conjectures, et adhuc sub
 judice lis est. I shall, however, venture to offer mine, in
 the

His steel-capt javelin poisoning threw,
 Which miss'd its aim, and whizzing flew
 O'er head of beast; by chance there sat,
 Beneath a dock-leaf hid, a rat :
 Him it transpierced through both his eyes,
 The caitiff kicks, and squeaks, and dies.
 Fierce growl'd the beast; his flaming sword
 Monsieur discabber'd, which had bor'd
 Many a frog that's fricasseed,
 On which the Gallic princes feed :
 The treach'rous blade no sooner hit
 The hide fetigerous, but split

the following queries, but still leaving every one to his own opinion. The hero came, it is said, from a long line or race of kings; why may not this be of the most Christian or unchristian monarchs? Why may not it be a technical name, compounded of and deduced from the several families that succeeded each other, and from which our valiant bully might derive his original? Let us suppose then that Mer signifies the Merovingian—Car, the Carlovinian—Ca, the Capetine race—and Barebones, quasi Bourbons; and how honorable, how noble a descent! what a flow and overflow of princely blood must be supposed to run in his veins, and how high must his pulse and stomach beat!

To atoms, shreds, and splinters many,
 Tho' consecrated by St. Deny*.
 What could the hero do but fly,
 And seek some other means to try?
 A pondrous stone by chance he view'd,
 That in the field an age had stood,
 A boundary to mark and shew
 The right of lands, as stones oft do :
 Not twice twelve infants newly born,
 Could raise or stir it I'll be sworn,
 Tho' sprung from heart of toughest frim-oak †,
 Or from the loins of Champion Dymoke ‡.

With

* St. Deny, alias Dionysius, the patron, protector, and tutelary saint of the French nation, in the same manner as St. George, for England.

† *Sprung from heart of oak.* The prince of the Latin poets has a passage in his *Æneid*, somewhat similar to this, relating to some of the ancient inhabitants of Italy :

Gensque virum truncis, et duro robore nata.

A hardy race of warriors, bold and strong,
 And stubborn as the oaks from whence they sprung.

‡ *Champion Dymoke*—Knight of the prancing nag, a famous

With ease he seiz'd, and let it fly
 Bang on his beastship's larboard eye ;
 And as he stagger'd with the thwack,
 He jump'd intrepid on his back :
 Blow follow'd blow on head of beast,
 Stroke follow'd stroke, and never ceas'd ;
 The champion's glory now ran high,
 And shouts on shouts loud rend the sky.

On poney's back sometimes astride,
 A monkey thus will up and ride ;
 The courser foams and paws the ground,
 Then starting springs o'er every mound,
 And galloping to throw Sir Pug,
 Still makes him cling with faster hug.

But now of beast the cunning mark,
 And means he us'd t'unhorse the spark ;

famous challenger, and defender of the right of the defender of the faith ; whose challenges no one ever yet did, and I presume never will dare, while well in his wits, to accept.

His

His head betwixt his fore legs clapping,
 And in his teeth his tail's tip snapping,
 Like whirligig he tumbled round,
 To throw his rider on the ground.
 Thus drawn together, like a ring,
 With force elastic, salmon spring,
 And o'er the wide-obstructing Weir*
 Their meditated passage clear.
 The Knight grown giddy as a goose,
 By whirls and whirls, his hold let loose,
 And in the fall his neck dislocates,
 And beats both eyes from out their sockets :
 A lifeless corpse outstretch'd he lies,
 The shade of death around him flies.
 So fell the youth †, who set on fire
 The heavenly orbs, when Sol his fire

Gave

* *Weir.* A great flank or dam across a river, over which the fishermen hang their nets, at a proper season, to catch the salmon, which by clapping their tails in their mouths, and letting them go with a spring, attempt to leap over.

† *So fell the youth.* Young Master Phaeton, who is said
to

Gave him one day his car to rule,
The father, like the boy, a fool.

Swift sprung the beast to pick his bones,
When lo! behind, a shower of stones,
With grape-shot mingled, came full thump,
Like hail, and thunder'd on his rump:
But nine times dipt in river Styx*,
No weapon could his hide transfix;

Bomb

to have requested of his reputed father Sol, alias Phœbus, alias Apollo, the driving of the chariot of the sun for one day; but proving very unequal to the task, had well nigh set the world on fire, if Jupiter had not prevented it by striking him dead with a thunder-bolt. He is usually set forth, and exposed to view, as a picture of a young, rash, ambitious prince, who by a precipitate and inconsiderate conduct in government, throws all things into combustion, endangers the quiet and happiness of his subjects, and occasions his own downfall.

* *Styx*. The water of this river was supposed to have a quality of rendering invulnerable the body of the person who had been dipt therein. Achilles is reputed to have been invulnerable in every part, the heel only excepted, by which mamma held him, when he was dipt; in which
unguarded

Bomb proof he stands, and on his bristles
 Fast stick the balls, like burs on thistles :
 Enrag'd, inflam'd, and full of ire,
 His nostrils smoke, his eyes flash fire ;
 His swelling sides with tail he lashes,
 And foaming teeth death-grinning gnashes ;
 To all his rage he gives the rein,
 And strews with carcases the plain ;
 An undistinguish'd carnage makes,
 Puts all to death, no prisoner takes :
 Heaps upon heaps promiscuous lie,
 The basest and the bravest die.

Now say, my muse, for thou canst tell,
 Who first, who last, in battle fell,
 What heroes bled and bit the ground,
 And who the first in flight were found.

unguarded part Paris the Trojan shot him with an arrow,
 and killed him. We do not read that he was more than
 once dipt ; whereas our hero being nine times plunged in
 this extraordinary bath, no part could escape the carcase-
 hardening quality of the water.

Struck

Struck by this thunderbolt of war,
 Pygweegle tumbles from his car,
 And suppliant sues ; but whilst he begs
 The vengeful beast snapt off his legs,
 Poor legs, that oft had fav'd his bacon,
 And ne'er in flight were overtaken ;
 But now (so each one has his day)
 They neither stood, nor run away.

Next to the fight succeeds Brag elly,
 The ruthless beast uprips his belly ;
 Swift as the lightning came the wound,
 His entrails quiver on the ground.
 Quimpo*, Shrimpo, and Tarrekkin,
 Grigou, Mattou, and Scourwekkin,
 Of chivalry the peerless pride,
 At one assault in dust abide.

Cropmaggot, Garlicmaw, Raneer,
 Barbaric names, uncouth and queer,

* *Quimpo, &c.* N. B. No less than six soldiers brave
 dispatched at one onset : what a Bobadil of a beast !

Whom

Whom Gallic Lais, Pompadour,
 The fruits of stol'n embraces bore
 To Valdevult*, whose iron sway
 The monkey-tribes of slaves obey†,
 From fang-struck wounds the purple flood
 Eject, and dying roll in blood.
 And here far fam'd for making faces,
 For mimicry and arch grimaces,

* *Valdevult*—from quod vult valde vult, a tyrant's fit motto.

† *Tribes of slaves obey.* It is to be remembered, when we read this and any similar passages of the poem, that it was written some few years back, before the nation, here alluded to, had any ways attempted to shake off the disgraceful chains of slavery: the late glorious revolution, and the public spirit of so vast a body of people, has now more than obliterated every stain in their former character; so noble a conduct deserves not only the praise, but the imitation of every Briton, if at any time an ambitious prince, influenced by a wicked minister, should dare to infringe the rights of our invaluable constitution, and erect a power, to which neither divine nor human laws allow him the least title. As we once censured, so do we now gladly seize this opportunity of applauding their magnanimity, scarce equalled by any parallel event in ancient or modern history.

In

In width a span, in height an ell,
 Half man, half monkey, Buffoon fell ;
 Spurn'd by the bestial foot he lies,
 And fighting, sobbing, squeaking dies ;
 His mimic muscles wag no more
 To raise the loud " encore, encore."

Here D'Est—g, who in former strife
 Had lost his honor, lost his life ;
 But first well practis'd in deceit,
 He tries again his former cheat ;
 Low crouching round the victim's legs,
 Clasping his arms, he humbly begs ;
 " Give me to go on my parole *,
 " Of valiant beast, thou valiant foal !

* *Parole.* Permission granted to a prisoner of war to go to his own country, or party, upon his engaging on his promise, and word of honor, to return at the time appointed, or when called for ; the breach of which was accounted, as it ought to be, highly infamous and dishonorable : this scoundrel, it seems, had been scandalously guilty in this particular, in some former war.

" I'll

" I'll soon return, and ransom bring,
 " That may befit a captive king :
 " A rans"—— the beast set up a roar,
 As who would say—" I'll hear no more."
 Thrice in the air he tossed him higher
 Than May-pole tall, or taller spire ;
 Thrice, as he fell, he ey'd and watch'd him,
 And in his mouth wide-gaping catch'd him ;
 His snapt-off head he swallowed—faugh!—
 But soon discharg'd it from his maw
 Point blank at Micmag, D'Est—g's brother,
 And with one head knock'd off another.
 No bomb or ball in warlike fray
 More rapidly e'er wing'd it's way,
 From mortar's mouth or cannon thrown,
 To batter a beleaguer'd town.

But who is this with flaming crest,
 Whose head and shoulders top the rest?
 'Tis D'Ennebal Lefdiguier's face,
 Lieutenant of the royal chase ;

Great

Great D'Ennebal, a mighty name,
 High-sounded by the trump of fame ;
 Thrice mickle, thrice redoubted knight,
 Skill'd in the chace and stout to fight.
 The first to mount the fiery steed,
 And make each bestial savage bleed :
 From Charlemagne, great Pope-dubb'd Cæsar,
 Who thrash'd the Saxons on the Weser ;
 True as a herald he could trace
 In line direct his princely race ;
 Just as Queen Jamie*, bonny Scot,
 A pedigree from Adam got :
 But to brute beasts, coblers and kings
 Are all alike the self same things ;

* *Queen Jamie.* She succeeded king Elizabeth, and by some court-sycophant had a pedigree of her descent drawn from Adam ; a curious one, no doubt, and such as sufficiently tickled the old woman's vanity. The following epigram was made on the first James :

When glorious Befs was England's king,
 Her name in Spain did terror bring ;
 How alter'd is the case, God sa' me,
 Since govern'd now by gude Queen Jamie!

D

Around

Around his neck his curling tail,
 Less smooth, but pliant as an eel,
 Twisting, to death he dragg'd *—oh grief !
 Across the field the throttled chief :
 A strange manœuvre † de la guerre
 Or, in plain dialect, of war.

Sad

* *Twisting, to death he dragg'd.* Permit me here, courteous reader, to point out to thy observation, a famous triumbestiarate, in three distant ages born. The first of the three is Homer's beast, Achilles; the second, the Macedonian beast, Alexander, ape of the former; the third our heroic beast here; and mark well the difference. The first of these having slain the valiant Hector, dragged his dead body round the walls of Troy; the second dragged the body of the faithful Betis, yet alive, round the walls of Gaza. These feats they performed with the help of chariots and horses, which was, you'll say, no mighty matter. But the last of the three performed the exploit wholly and solely by the strength of his own tail; besides, what they did was done in cold blood, and consequently the more savage and barbarous; but here all is done, *flagranti bello*, and *se defendendo*; and therefore of the three our beast is certainly entitled to the pre-eminence.

* *Manœuvre.* Our poet, from some expressions made use of in this poem, may be thought to give into the modern fashion of introducing exotic words into the English

Sad moan'd the host with wailing voice,
The woods and sylvan haunts rejoice.

From eastern clime Whizgigga came,
A bold virago, warrior dame ;

lish language; but I am rather inclined to think he makes use of this method purposely to censure and ridicule in others such an affected piece of foppery. Time was, when almost all books and conversations were plentifully interlarded with Greek and Latin shreds and phrases; which pedantic custom being at length exploded and disused, French words and phrases are now adopted, and made to supply their room, to the no small impairing, rather than improving, as many think, the energy of the English tongue. The word *manceuvre* was not common till the war before last, when all the talk was of the Protestant Hero's *manceuvres*; but now it is a word so much in vogue, that it is spouted from every mouth. The other day a sorry low-liv'd fellow happened to be driving an overgrown hog over a bridge, that had neither side walls nor rails to it; and who should be very unluckily passing over it, at the same time, but a poor, infirm, and decrepit old man, who being unable to get out of the way time enough, the headstrong beast, rushing between his legs, tips the old blade over the bridge into the brook; whereupon the rascal of a driver vastly diverted, bawls out, "a fine *manceuvre*! a very fine *manceuvre* truly!"

(For tho' the sex be soft and tender,
 And apt to manhood to surrender,
 Yet sometimes they will fight and squabble,
 Stout as the stoutest 'mongst the rabble);
 Boasting her birth from that Amazon †,
 Who did bedeck herself, and pace on
 To ask a favor that she wanted
 Of Alexander, which he granted.
 In warlike 'coutrements equipt,
 Before the ranks she nimbly skipt;
 (Tho' not so swift as your Camillas,
 Who dry-shod trod the watery billows,
 And light as lightest feathers borne,
 Tript o'er the ears of unbent corn;)

† *Amazon.* Q. Curtius relates, that one of their queens, Thalestris, (from whom our heroine Whizgigga boasted her descent) went attended by her women, (pshaw! her ladies I mean, for the women are all annihilated) no less than a journey of thirty days to meet Alexander, on what business you may guess, if you please. N. B. Some good MSS. instead of eastern read northern clime, the country of the Amazons being supposed to be somewhere in the northern parts, if you can find that somewhere out.

“ And

" And is it thus your valour's try'd"
 She to the stagg'ring phalanx cry'd,
 " Ye hens in heart, men but in name!
 " Beat by a beast! oh! what a shame!
 " A beast! a single beast! shall he
 " Turn back, and make whole armies flee?
 " One woman sure is better far
 " Than hundreds of such men of war."

She spoke, and fearless bent her course
 To meet and try his terror's force;
 Arm'd with a battle-ax, the trull
 Aim'd a huge blow to cleave his skull;
 But he, sly beast! averts the blow,
 And soon retorts it on the foe;
 Not that he thought it for his honor,
 With all his might to fall upon her,
 But from the engine of his lungs
 Spouts forth (strange theme for poets' songs)

A blast of air*, corrupt and tainted,
 Full in her face, on which she fainted :
 Morbific blast ! as sure to kill,
 As Doctor Allwig's† drop or pill.
 Thro' all her veins the poison flew,
 Deathful and stiff her members grew ;
 The tide of blood forgets to roll,
 And from the body wings the soul.

So the fell spider‡, when he gets
 A fluttering fly within his nets,

Aloof

* *A blast of air.* I pretend not to account for this fact, and shall only remark that experience and observation shew (See Hermippus redivivus) that the effects of human breath (and then why not the bestial?) are sometimes found to be very extraordinary. One of the articles of impeachment exhibited against the famous Cardinal Wolsey, by the wife-acres of that time, was, that he had endangered the king's health, by breathing upon him, when he knew himself deeply infected by an unclean distemper : and if the Cardinal's breath could endanger life and health, why might not the breath of this beast be powerful enough to destroy both ?

† *Doctor Allwig.* Any doctor the reader pleases.

‡ *So the fell spider.* If this simile may be thought to convey

Aloof awhile due distance keeping,
 And from his ambuscade fly peeping,
 Breathing ejects I know not what,
 But poison 'tis, this sort or that,
 Which deeply piercing, like a dart,
 The puny fibres of its heart,
 The ruffian's prey the victim lies,
 And buzzing, humming, heaving dies.

convey too low an idea, let Homer's example (and Homer is always right) plead our excuse. He has drawn a comparison between one of his heroes, and an insect altogether as insignificant, if not more so. He represents his courage—to what? the bravery and boldness of a fly. If there be no meanness or impropriety in Homer's comparison of a hero to a fly; (and, to take Mr. Pope's word for it, there is not) why should it be thought otherwise here, in the comparison of a beast to a spider? This last of the two, may best, methinks, be likened to a bloody dead doing hero, whether man or beast: for a spider often kills a fly, but who ever heard of a fly killing a spider? and therefore a spider is by so much greater than a fly, as he that kills is greater than he that is killed. To our poet's comparison therefore we must give the preference, and old Homer for once must be forced to knock under.

Their dernier resort now they try,
 And from a covered battery
 Whole volleys of twelve pounders fly. }
 With open mouth he caught their bullets,
 And bolted them like eggs of pullets ;
 Then seiz'd their cannon with his tusks,
 And champt them in his mouth like rusks :
 When lo! comes rattling in his car,
 The Dæmon grim † of death and war,
 And waving high his bloody dart,
 Chills and astounds the bravest heart.
 His hag equerry by his side,
 Bellona stalk'd, and havock cried :
 From rocks, and hills, and dales around,
 Echo reverberates the sound ;
 The sound reverberating brings
 Fear, terror, tremour on its wings :

† *Dæmon grim.* Mars, fabled to be the god of war, as Bellona, his wife, or sister, or both, was goddess, and served him in the capacity of equerry, on many occasions. *Par nobile homicidarum !*

By panic struck and black dismay,
Aghast they fly, and yield the day :
They yield, they fly, but forely mangl'd,
Breeches and skin together dangel'd :
You'd swear, but that the thing no farce is,
Some Cherokee had scalp'd their a—s——

Scrimansky* thus, by hunger prest,
Where northern wilds the snows invest,
The bleating flock invades and slays,
The cowards run a thousand ways.

Beau Dappadap was first in flight,
(Beaus are two delicate to fight)
A petit maitre, belle esprit,
Curl'd and perfum'd with essence sweet,
In Seric vestments gaily cas'd,
And alamode de Paris lac'd ;

* *Scrimansky*. Said to be a Polish or Cossack name for a bear, but may signify any wild beast in general.

At brilliant balls a radiant sun,
 O'er all the lesser stars he shone ;
 Where'er he mov'd, the longing maid,
 Oh! be he mine! oh, mine! she pray'd :
 But tho' of sprightliest dames the joy,
 The beast disdain'd the tawdry boy,
 And as he past him in the chace,
 Discharg'd his stink-pot in his face,
 And left him there his fate to wail,
 Sir-reverenc'd from head to tail.

The bravest next of all the Franks,
 Bumbaſto flying quits the ranks,
 And mounting Dapple ſcours the plain,
 In hopes to 'ſcape, but hopes are vain :
 The deathful foe, ſwift as the wind,
 With furious bound leaps up behind,
 Then headlong hurls him from his ſaddle,
 And in his ſeat rides on a ſtraddle *:

With

* This piece of horſemanſhip in the beaſt, we muſt allow to be of the marvellous kind, and hyperbolical enough :

With teeth and claws he bites and tears,
 Some lose their noses, some their ears ;
 Some drop their arms, and some their legs,
 Too soon to stump on wooden pegs ;
 No more the frolic dance to lead,
 And trip it with the fav'rite maid.

enough: however, I presume, not a jot more so than many things that occur to us in reading some of the best classic authors. Livy, the chief of the Roman historians, makes mention of oxen speaking on several occasions, and has recorded the very words of one of them—"Roma, cave tibi"—Rome, take heed to thyself. Homer, the prince of poets, introduces one of his hero's horses, not only speaking, but prophesying. Virgil represents the Trojan ships, to prevent their being burnt by the enemy, transformed into so many Nereids, or Sea-Nymphs, sporting and frisking in the waters of the Tiber; he calls it indeed, as well he might, *mirabile monstrum*, a marvellous prodigy: and why then should it be thought a thing more incredible, that a beast should ride a horse, than that a horse or an ox should speak and prophesy, and give out warnings and preadmonitions to men? or that ships should be changed and converted into living persons? the same poetica licentia, and the quidlibet audendi potestas, is as good a salvo for the one as for the other: let the critic tribe shew their teeth, and splutter as they please.

Bright

Bright Phœbus now his evening ray
 Had westward drove, and clos'd the day ;
 And Hesperus unveils his face,
 To warn the victor from the chace :
 Around he roll'd his flaming eyes,
 And not a single foe espies :
 The field is his ; all, all are fled,
 All but the dying and the dead.
 His galling spur to Dapple's side,
 Or claw by way of spur apply'd,
 With pride elate, in solemn trot,
 He traverses the bleeding spot ;
 Like grand monarque* there sings Te Deum,
 Io triumphe †! now I'll flea 'em :

Then

* *Like grand monarque.* We have been told of one, who was used to order his arch-flamen to strike up his music, and sing his Te Deum as well after a hearty drubbing, as after a victory : whereupon a certain tub-thumper of those days was wont most sweetly to cant it forth—" Lord, since they are so very thankful for one drubbing, give them another, and another, and after that another, and as many more as thou pleasest, for they deserve all thy corrections."

† *Io triumphe!* A form of words, or of the acclamations

Then carcase sweet from carcase tainted,
 All with ensanguin'd dust bespreinted,
 With nose sagacious out he smelt,
 T' assuage the hunger that he felt.
 And so by wearying toil oppress'd,
 His supper takes, and goes to rest ‡.

ons pronounced and repeated by the soldiers that followed their victorious generals in their triumphant processions.

‡ We cannot too much admire our valiant quadrupede, in his single person advancing intrepidly against a host of armed warriors, and fighting, beating, routing, scouting, pursuing, dispersing, and driving them to—where they are never like to return, or to be heard of more: himself returning victoriously from the chase to the field of battle, which he keeps without a rival; there singing, grunting, growling, or howling out his song of triumph; nay, and not only keeping the field, but eating it; not eating the very field itself—you understand me, but so many of the carcases, slain and lying on the field, as were eatable and wholesome meat, fit and sufficient to satisfy the craving of an hungry empty stomach, and at last laying himself calmly down to take a nap, and rest his weary limbs, on the same spot where he had lately exercised his courage, activity, and conduct with so much success. Look therefore over all the accounts of the battles and victories, which have been fought and won, down from the days of old Ninus, to the ninnies of modern times, and you will not find one worthy to be paralleled with the battle and victory here described.

A VOYAGE

A VOYAGE
FROM
PORTSMOUTH TO *CARTHAGENA*,
1783.

THE ship's unmoor'd, and, blest with
fav'ring gales,
The active seamen loose the spreading sails ;
Before, behind, the sails in concert swell,
And o'er the deep the willing ship impel ;
Fair England's coast beneath the eye retires,
The pleasing prospect soon, too soon expires.

Farewel ye happy vales, ye smiling plains,
Where mild content with gen'rous friendship
reigns ;
Where innocence diffus'd her placid rays
O'er ev'ry joy that blest'd my early days ;
Farewel

Farewel my native clime, from thee I part
 With fond reluctance and a bleeding heart,
 Ah, me! perhaps to meet no glad return,
 To distant lands and other realms I'm borne:
 But still, my Britain, wheresoe'er I stray,
 (A wanderer thro' life's perplexing way!)
 Shall constant hope forestal the moments
 o'er,
 When I may tread again thymuch lov'd shore,
 Tread it in peace, and never leave it more.

Now on the vast Atlantic's trackless waves
 Her yellow sides the freighted vessel laves;
 And, lo! the wind with tenfold rage increas'd,
 Veers from the frigid north to bleak north-east.
 Thick hazy clouds obscure the welcome light,
 And change the face of day to gloomy night,
 Till fiercely bursting from their airy stores,
 Down beats the hail, the rain in cat'raets pours;
 Now mountain-high the lab'ring bark is tost,
 Now seems in ocean's vast abysses lost;

The

The mad'ning waves nor force nor art can
check,

They rush in wild confusion o'er the deck,
While on we scud, nor hardly dare a sail
Stretch to th' alarming fury of the gale.

'Tis night, no star appears with friendly ray
To guide us thro' the dangers of the Bay*:
But shall my bosom feel unmanly fear,
Because encircled by the waters here?
Forbid it heaven! what th' Eternal wills
In calms and tempests death alike fulfils:
I trust, protected by his powerful hand,
Again in safety soon to reach the land.
But let the sons of blind delusion shew
In these dire moments whence their comforts
flow,
Who the true being of a God disown,
And on the present only build their throne?

* Bay of Biscay.

Surely their faith, on empty basis laid,
 Would like the passing of a shadow fade ;
 For all in vain does man prefer the prayer,
 That springs alone from terror and despair.

At length the wind with lessen'd fury blows,
 And Sol again with mild resplendence glows ;
 Light as a bird the vessel sails along,
 The joyful sailors tune the social song :
 So soon indeed thro' life a prospect fair]
 Dispels the sullen gloom of former care.

Now Portugal the distant eye commands,
 Where the fam'd city of Oporto stands ;
 Oporto, whence the teeming vine's produce
 To gen'rous Britons yields its richest juice.
 Now 'long the shore our purpos'd course we
 shape,
 And pass the convent * on St. Vincent's Cape ;

* A convent (I believe of Friars) stands very conspicuous
 on Cape St. Vincent.

Soon o'er the bow the lofty hills of Spain
 Are seen with snowy tops above the main:
 Here Albion's fleet, by gallant Rodney led,
 Iberia and her navy struck with dread;
 Imperial Cadiz saw their hapless fate,
 And mourn'd its monarch's folly then too late.

Now while pale Luna glimmers on the deep,
 And silent midnight chains the eye to sleep,
 The narrow Straits we pass, with pleasant breeze,
 That part the Western and the Middle seas*;
 But when Aurora's golden rays appear,
 (Soft-smiling from the eastern hemisphere),
 Whether on Europe's, or on Afric's coast,
 We turn our eye, 'mongst craggy rocks 'tis
 lost;
 All strike with wonder, but Gibraltar most.
 Stupendous, rugged, barren, wild, and bare,
 With pride it seems to lift its head in air!—

* The Mediterranean.

Here when the foe combin'd of France and Spain
 To humble England fought, tho' fought in vain;
 High on the summit Freedom's genius stood,
 Majestically frowning on the flood;
 Great Elliot's form, and Elliot's voice he bore,
 As cannon loud, or thunder's awful roar,
 And struck the hostile bands with sudden fears,
 While these prophetic accents reach'd their ears,

“Britain, as erst, the fav'rite of the skies,
 From past misfortunes greater still shall rise:
 Her daughters for their beauty be renown'd,
 Her sons for wisdom, strength, and valour
 crown'd:

Again be with America allied,
 And in eternal bonds of friendship tied:
 To her proud France shall lowly bend her neck,
 And Spanish trophies shall her soldiers deck;
 Nor distant is the hour, for come it shall;
 With shame attendant to disgrace their fall:

Yes, lov'd Britannia, shortly shalt thou see
 Trebled on them the woes they caus'd to thee;
 Yes, they shall perish, but thy scepter'd sway
 (Like the revolving source of constant day)
 Remain till heaven and earth shall roll away.

Caught with a theme like this my breast is fir'd,
 With honest warmth and patriot zeal inspir'd.
 Oh! may I live to see the hour arrive,
 When all its foes my country shall survive!

Now the twelfth day its measur'd course had
 run,
 Since Albion's isle we left and milder fun:
 Within our destin'd port the vessel rides,
 Safe from the raging winds, and swelling tides.
 Happy to find the voyage at an end,
 My humble thanks in gratitude ascend
 To God my guide, protector, guard, and friend.

TO

A L A D Y

SURROUNDED BY HER CHILDREN.

AS some sweet rose, in sov'reign pride of
bloom,

Breathes gently o'er the gale its soft perfume,
While infant buds on circling branches grow,
Progressive flourish, and progressive blow;
This barely peeping from its mossy shell,
That still confin'd within its little cell;
Yet each adorn'd with some peculiar grace,
Maintains the native honors of its race,
And each, as kindly suns the leaves disclose,
Assumes the fragrant beauties of the rose.

E 3

So,

So when, with charms of kindred brightness
crown'd,

Fair dame, thy lovely children smile around,
Dear patterns of thyself, in each is seen
The soft resemblance of thy graceful mien.
Mark yon sweet girl!—her alabaster neck
The flowing ringlets of her hair bedeck :
A modest blush o'erspreads her downy cheek,
Her glowing eyes already seem to speak :
To ornament her mind thy guardian care
The seed of all that's good hath planted there;
Thus o'er her form while Love erects his throne,
The brightest rays of virtue are her own !
When some few years have ripen'd on her brow,
A thousand lovers in her train shall bow ;
To her, the radiant Venus of the day,
As once to thee, shall sov'reign homage pay.

His father's force with thy sweet nature join'd,
See in this boy's frank countenance combin'd!

Life's

Life's purple tide flows stronger in his veins,
 And manly ardour in his bosom reigns ;
 While the fair blossoms of his early age,
 Wit, judgment, truth, and rising worth presage.

But tho' their features ev'ry charm express,
 Because not yet mature they please the less ;
 Thine, like the sun, in matchless splendour shine,
 Thy form, angelic ! and thy soul, divine !

EPISTLE TO EMMA.

FRAUGHT with each charm luxuriant
nature yields,
That spring's soft season scatters round the fields,
When first, dear girl, your faultless form I saw,
Entranc'd I stood with sweet and silent awe :
My eyes th' emotions of my soul express,
And Love usurp'd the empire of my breast :
Heav'n witness, since that happy hour my flame
Is constant still to you, and still the same !

With modest deference soon as I display'd
The deep impression that your beauty made,
How exquisitely pleas'd was I to find
The loveliest model of perfection kind !
Can I forget, beneath the shady grove,
When myrtle garlands for your hair I wove,
How

How mutual vows compleated half my blifs,
 Confirm'd and hallow'd by a facred kifs ?
 Or that sad moment, when oblig'd to part,
 What pangs of sorrow tore my aching heart ;
 When my fond fighs unable to repel,
 My tongue almost denied a laſt farewel ?
 Ah, no ! the courſe of three revolving years
 Has oft retrac'd the memory with tears,
 And oft when pleaſure dances in my view,
 I quit the flatt'ring ſcene to think on you.

But ſay, thou deareſt object of my life,
 My lov'd companion, and expected wife,
 Say, glows thy boſom with the ſame bright truth,
 Or fondly fighs it for ſome happier youth ?
 No graceful form indeed, no charm I claim,
 No honor'd title dignifies my name ;
 My humble merit is an heart ſincere,
 That longs to dry the mourner's trickling tear :
 That heart, believe me, no deſire can ſhare,
 But thou, its beſt, its deareſt ſelf, art there,
There

There shall thy soft idea ever be,
 And all its wishes terminate in thee.
 Tho' faithless, still may ev'ry guardian pow'r
 Protect and shield thee in misfortune's hour,
 And may no storm, no fatal cloud, arise
 To dim the prospect of life's happier skies !

But why should I indulge this plaintive theme,
 Ungrounded, and at most a fancied dream ;
 For sure my gentle Emma yet retains
 The fond remembrance of our former pains,
 And native sense must teach her to despise
 The coxcomb's idle airs and trifling lies.

Come then, sweet hope, and banish ev'ry care,
 Allay the pangs of anguish and despair :
 'Tis hope alone thy absence can supply,
 Inspir'd by this, I breath—without it, die—

TO THE SAME.

YE tender griefs, ye doubts and fears, adieu,
 My love, my dearest Emma, still is true;
 Come cheerful mirth, and soul-enliv'ning joy,
 Reign in my breast, and all my thoughts employ.

Fair girl, for thee with many a blooming
 flow'r,
 Intent to please, I've form'd a spreading bow'r,
 When summer suns diffuse their scorching heat,
 We'll seek the shade beneath its cool retreat;
 There innocence and love's endearing smile
 The slowly-fleeting moments shall beguile:
 With us the tuneful warblers shall rejoice,
 And sing in concert to thy pleasing voice;
 While I my lyre in extasy will raise,
 And bid the circling woods resound thy praise.

Oh !

Oh ! blifs, excell'd by heav'nly blifs alone,
 To call thy charms, thy matchlefs charms, my
 own ;

For this unmov'd the dreary ftorm I'll brave,
 Nor heed the rude affaults of wind and wave.
 O'er Afric's defert wilds my courfe purfue,
 If fought there is can give content to you :
 Or wing my way to Nova Zembla's coaft,
 Where winter riots in eternal froft ;
 Court ev'ry danger others ftrove to fhun,
 Meet the drawn fword, nor fly th' embattl'd gun.

But if the fame unfullied gifts adorn
 Alike our fetting fun, our noon, and morn ;
 If fortune o'er us fhed her prosperous rays
 In undiminifh'd luftre all our days ;
 Our youth's endearment, and our age's pride,
 A gentle offspring grace our happy fide ;
 Oh ! then no other cares my breaft fhall know,
 Or only thofe our rifing hopes beftow ;

Fond,

Fond, tender cares, with real joys replete,
Whose bitter tends but to enrich the sweet !

When nature smiles, and ev'ry object near,
Proclaims the loveliest season of the year,
How happy will we wander o'er the mead,
And mark the bleating dams and yeanlings feed !
And at mild even when the village swains
With weary steps retrace the new-clad plains,
I'll mix my grateful orisons with thine,
And bless propitious heav'n that made thee mine.

To thee the muse shall dedicate her hours,
And deck thy brows with fancy's sportive flow'rs,
Shall tell each eye that glances o'er thy name,
Thy beauty and thy merit are the same.

THE

THE CHRISTIAN'S
EVENING THOUGHTS.

'T IS night, and ere to sleep he seals his eyes,
These thoughts within the Christian's bosom rise.

Another day of care and tumult's o'er, }
Is flown away, like thousands gone before, }
With all its actions to return no more ! }
But have I spent it as I ought ? did I
Like a good steward with my charge comply,
And the true value of each minute scan,
As it became a Christian, and a man ?
For if a noble Heathen* once could say,
Lost, lost beyond recovery was the day,
In which the light of the revolving sun
Had seen no good, no generous action done ;

* Titus, the Roman emperor.

Ah !

Ah! sure, my soul! this deep conviction ought
 To be the end of ev'ry Christian's thought,
 How exquisite a loss the day has been,
 If spent without religion, and in sin!
 Have I as far promoted as I could
 Whatever's just, commendable, and good;
 And shunn'd with all my heart, as heav'n directs,
 What the still voice of conscious truth rejects?
 If I existed for myself alone,
 And never made another's cares my own,
 To any merit shall I dare pretend?
 Since wholly I forgot my being's end,
 Forgot to be benificent to all,
 To listen to distress's piteous call,
 With my own soul to act an upright part,
 In short to be a Christian in my heart.
 And did I suitably the day commence,
 With adoration, and due reverence
 T'wards my Creator, good Omnipotence? }
 Did I to him with meek submission raise
 The voice of glad thanksgiving, pray'r, and praise;
 With

With unaffected earnestness desire
 His blessing and protection to acquire :
 Strive as a creature of that God to live,
 According to the rules the Scriptures give ;
 And strictly imitate what they record
 Of Jesus, our Redeemer, and our Lord ?

Have I been careful, and neglected not
 The calling Providence was pleas'd t'allot ?
 And have I magnified his holy name
 By keeping my integrity from blame ;
 Or by the true and scrupulous discharge
 Of the high duties of my post at large :
 By serving with a free and liberal mind
 My family, my friends, and all mankind,
 Not because man did merely oversee,
 But that my Maker so commanded me ?

Did I the sweets of social converse taste,
 And were my words with due complacence
 grac'd ?

Disinterested

Disinterested friendship did I feel,
 And the true dictates of my breast reveal ?
 If I was serious, was I also mild ?
 With no loose meaning were my jests defil'd ;
 Or from my tongue did any sentence fall,
 That now I should regret, and would recall ?

If I enjoy'd the pleasure life bestows,
 Did I with awe consider whence it flows ?
 And did my heart with gratitude expand,
 Confess the goodness of th' Almighty's hand,
 And emanations of his love divine,
 Nor think that love by any right was mine ?

Did I with noble fortitude control
 The influencing passions of my soul ?
 The fallies of indecent wrath restrain,
 Nor rashly take the sacred name in vain ?
 Prosperity with meekness did I bear,
 And no vain-glory in my looks declare ?

F

And

And was I patient, and resign'd to God,
 Beneath affliction and his chaf't'ning rod ?
 Sincerely am I griev'd for ev'ry sin,
 Passion or human weakness led me in ?
 And should it be the will of Providence
 This very night, my soul, to call thee hence,
 Should'st thou be ready, arm'd with Christian
 grace,
 And willing to behold him face to face ?

O thou, supreme Omniscience ! that art
 Acquainted with the mazes of the heart,
 And dost the inmost of my thoughts foresee,
 What shall I e'er attempt to hide from thee ?
 I see my faults, my frailties, every day ;
 Forgive me when from duty's paths I stray,
 Forgive me thro' the mediation dear
 Of Jesus Christ, the Savior I revere ;
 And let the blood of thy beloved Son !
 Atone for all the evil I have done !

Thou

Thou wilt not shut thine ear against my suit,
For mercy is thy darling attribute ;
And man thy pardon, thy regard, shall win,
When he is penitent, and mourns his sin.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

LO! when the gloomy madness of despair
 Assaults the Hypochondriac in his chair,
 What images of death* before him roll,
 Fill all his thoughts, and harrow up his soul!
 A hearse, in mournful pomp, and black array,
 With nodding plumes, portentous, leads the way:
 Here the grim monarch of the mortal dart
 Lifts up his arm, as if he'd pierce his heart:
 While close beside of dire relentless mien,
 Besmear'd with human gore, a murd'rer's seen:
 And there the treacherous friend, or open foe,
 In cool or angry mood, inflicts the blow:
 Now some fell Dæmon whispers in his ear,
 Fly, fly these ills, a cup of poison's near;

* See the print by Dunthorne.

A ready halter hangs from yonder beam,
 And in thy garden runs a friendly stream :
 By thine own hand to die is better far
 Than by pale famine, pestilence, or war :
 Then seize the pistol, grasp the sword or knife,
 And end at once the miseries of life.

Aghast and terrified the wretch appears,
 The victim of his own illusive fears :
 So true it is that fancy oft prepares
 The cup of woe, tho' heav'n in mercy spares.
 Here all the boasted art of med'cine fails,
 The baffl'd doctor knows not what he ails,
 But takes his fee, and Bet or Susan bribes
 To give the harmless simples he prescribes.

THE
REMAINING VERSES
OF
GENTLE RIVER,
AS FIRST PUBLISHED BY DR. PERCY.

(From the Spanish.)

COUNT Urenna, badly wounded,
Slowly from the fight withdrew,
Fifteen hundred chosen warriors
Darro's limpid stream imbrue.

But illustrious Don Alonso
Nobly won eternal fame ;
Ages shall record his glory,
Ages shall revere his name.

TO

T O
A YOUNG LADY

ON HER REFUSING ME A KISS.*

PLAGUE on it, Kitty, what? I pray,
Not one kifs on your holyday?

This is too much to bear :
These servile customs let us scorn,
We jovial Britons are free-born,
And nought for trifles care.

So when a *Buena Moza's* † by,
All in the dumps must sit poor I,
As patient as you please?
No, no, by heav'n ! the Dons may blame,
And Donnas cry, oh fye! for shame!
The prize I'll boldly feize.

* A favor never granted by a lady in Spain.

† *Buena Moza*, Spanish—A pretty girl.

Why fuch a custom ne'er was feen ;
 What can the king of Quixotes mean
 By fuch a ftrange restraint ?
 Were I his fubject I'd rebel,
 And fend each bashful foe to hell,
 Who fain would act the faint.

But fince on glorious British earth
 Propitious fate has giv'n me birth,
 Another plan I chufe :
 Bring pen and ink : I'll write a line
 To honeft George, your king and mine ;
 My prayer he won't refuse.

I will intreat him, on my knees,
 To fend his troops acrofs the feas,
 Dan Cupid at their head :
 The blind rogue long in George's houfe
 Has dwelt with his illuftrious fpoufe,
 Some fay, within his bed.

And

And when the gallant little band
Of roast-beef Jacks in Spain shall land,
As oft before they did ;
Their chief lieutenant I will be,
We'll kiss each pretty girl we see,
From Cadiz to Madrid.

Oddbobs, and if the king Castillian
Won't, like the Dutchmen pay a million,
And make a treaty soon :
Ye buckskin heroes, who's afraid ?
A train of powder, flily laid,
Shall blow him to the moon.

Triumphant then with fife and drum,
And colours flying, here we'll come
Our first respects to pay :
And, Kitty, thus from customs free,
You may bestow a kiss on me,
Upon your holyday.

Believe

Believe me such fantastic rules
 Are only fit for shamefac'd fools,
 Without one grain of sense :
 The youth that has a heart to prize
 Your ruby lips and sparkling eyes,
 With trifles may dispense.

For tho' to love I don't pretend,
 Deny not to a faithful friend
 Some little share of bliss :
 Remember, the Apostle Paul,
 Kindly to greet, enjoins us all,
 Our brethren with a kiss.

TOM's

TOM's ADDRESS

TO HIS COUNTRYWOMEN.

MAIDENS of Britain, ye that little care
 To lead the apes that Satan keeps in hell,
 Or be ye hazle-brown, or passing fair,
 Comelift awhile, perchance the verse shall tell
 Of Tom, a clerkly youth, that wants a wife,
 A loving friend and partner for his life.

She must not be of Puritanic breed,
 With phiz too grave and formal to be good;
 Nor round her fingers twirl the cross and bead,
 And bow before a stupid piece of wood:
 A canting Methodist, or Jesuit-Quaker,
 For if she is he surely will not take her.

A face

A face of oval form he most would prize,
 A comely gait, and shape genteel withal,
 And, whether black or blue, two sparkling eyes
 'That pierce like lightning wheresoe'er they
 fall ;

A feeling bosom, unaffected ease,
 And sweet good humour must be join'd to these.

For much to hear a wife complain he hates,
 When trifles only are the constant theme,
 That heedless Nell has broke the cups and plates,
 Or suffer'd dogs and cats to steal the cream:
 For such misfortunes happen every day,
 In spite of all the best of masters say.

Nor from his window will he like to peep,
 For sure 'tis but an ugly kind of joke,
 To rub his eyes, as if they wanted sleep,
 And tell his neighbour that the house does
 smoke ;

When all the while 'tis madam's tongue within,
 That murders rest with unrelenting din.

But

But if she's gentle, little does he care

How small or great the limits of her store,
Since still at home he shall be sure to find

Content and peace within the cottage door:
And yet methinks one thousand pounds would do,
To pull his old house down, and build a new.

Full many a maid, I ween, in British land

Of this description's seen, both young and fair:
And Tom to one would gladly give an hand

To join with hers, and smoothe the path of care:
Together down the stream of life to glide,
And lightly o'er the pleasant surface ride.

ODE

ODE TO THE SUPREME BEING.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

THOU one Supreme, whose pow'rful sway
 The roaring winds and waves obey,
 On thee we call, for thou alone
 Art Lord of every varying zone,
 To guide our ship to native skies,
 Where fair Augusta's spires arise.

Let no rude gusts of wind assail,
 To rend at once the shiv'ring sail;
 No adverse storm, no cruel blast,
 To tear away the trembling mast.

Alike from calms preserve us still,
 Foreboding only future ill;
 Perhaps to fix us in one place
 Till famine stare us in the face.

Be

Be ours the mild and steady breeze,
 That gently sweeps the curling seas ;
 And o'er them as we swiftly roll,
 Gives health and vigour to the soul.

And let no cruising Turks come near,
 That in these warmer seas appear ;
 For tho' at peace with Britain's king,
 Disease and pestilence they bring.

Still farther from us keep away
 The pirate prowling for his prey ;
 Too oft the lawless ruffian crew
 Their savage hands in blood imbrue.

Whene'er the sullen shades of night
 Eclipse the friendly rays of light,
 Instruct the watchful seaman's eye
 To see all danger ere too nigh.

For

For when upon a different tack,
 Two vessels meet in one same track,
 Both, both may founder thro' the flock,
 More dire than any marble rock.

When whirlwinds, with tremendous force
 Along the foaming billows course,
 O! let them not the waters bear
 In tow'ring columns to the air :

For frequently, in evil hour,
 They burst with such resistless pow'r,
 That, press'd beneath the pond'rous weight
 A vessel meets untimely fate.

With science and superior skill
 The naval master's bosom fill,
 To lead us safe from foreign lands,
 And shun all dang'rous shelves and sands.

And

And let each seaman largely share
A portion of thy heav'nly care ;
Oh ! ever, as they walk the deck,
The growing tempest's fury check.

Left by some fell invading sea,
That lays the vessel on her lee,
The wretched victims with it borne,
Should instantly from life be torn.

Soon as the welcome orb of day
Has gain'd his full meridian ray,
Let no invidious hazy cloud
A true and perfect fight enshroud.

So thus the real time and place
The quadrant's useful art may trace,
And teach the wary helmsman where
The several points of distance bear.

G

And

And then, as now, my heart shall own
It lives by thee, my God, alone,
And gladly to thy temple go
To pay the humble thanks I owe,
When safe beneath our native skies,
Where fair Augusta's spires arise.

ODE

ODE TO EMMA.

A B S E N C E.

O ! thou, for whom my early years,
 My spring of life was spent in tears,
 Come soothe thy faithful lover's pain,
 And bless his longing arms again !

The passing hour, that slowly flies,
 My bosom's wonted peace denies ;
 For, ah ! my love, unblest with thee,
 It seems a cheerless age to me.

Oppress'd by fears, and worn with grief,
 In vain I strive to find relief,
 No joy for me, no pleasure's found
 To burst the gloom that thickens round.

Oh ! come, my love, oh ! haste away,
 Impatient still for thee I stay ;
 Come sooth thy faithful lover's pain,
 And bless his longing arms again !

THE RETURN.

SHE comes, and with her joy returns,
 My throbbing breast with rapture burns,
 Again I press her in my arms,
 And gaze, enamour'd, on her charms.

Thus while I hold thee, heav'nly maid,
 In beauty's loveliest dress array'd,
 And on thy lips imprint the kiss,
 I taste, I feel celestial bliss.

This happy moment amply pays
 A thousand thousand tedious days
 Of sorrow, pain, and absence past,
 This moment when we meet at last.

Thus may I ever live, and prove
 The joys of undivided love,
 Thus ever hold thee in my arms,
 And gaze, enamour'd, on thy charms.

A N

AN ECLOGUE*.

(*From the Spanish of Don Gomez de Tapia.*)

VIRGIL and DAPHNIS.

VIRGIL and Daphnis, oft, two shepherd swains,

The pride of all the Lusitanian plains,
Alike excelling in the pipe and song,
As thro' the woods at eve they stray'd along,
Hopeless in love, to sooth their tender grief,
From strains like these, or music, sought relief.

DAPHNIS.

Ye Oreads, guardians of this peaceful grove,
Through which my melancholy footsteps rove,
If ye are gentle, and if not in vain
Ye hear the hapless and forlorn complain ;

* This Eclogue is taken from the third Volume of the Spanish Parnassus, and is part of the Poem called *El Bosque de Aranjuez*, or Grove of Aranjuez.

Oh ! now with cruel Charis try your art,
And kindle mutual passion in her heart ;
But if the Fates forbid the boon I crave,
Attend a dying shepherd to his grave.

VIRGIL.

As mariners, whose vessel's swelling fails
Kind Zephyr favors with propitious gales,
With swift and easy motion as she sweeps
The scarcely ruffled surface of the deeps,
No longer hope the fleeting moments o'er
To reach too soon the not far distant shore,
Ev'n so my fond my amorous wishes prov'd,
When once by Sylvia, charming Sylvia, lov'd,

DAPHNIS.

Not half so many flow'rs the meads display
Beneath the smiles of Taurus' friendly ray ;
Not half so many herbs Tarentum yields
To the strong cattle of her pleasant fields ;
Not

Not half so many drops of water teem
 In Tanais or Ister's frozen stream ;
 As the sharp arrows Love, despotic guest,
 Has planted in my torn distracted breast.

VIRGIL.

With dreadful rage the madden'd tiger glows,
 Soon as the capture of her young she knows ;
 The fury of the adder's quickly found,
 Touch'd when he's basking on the sunny ground ;
 But whoso'er the cruelty could see
 Disdainful Sylvia shews to hapless me,
 A lamb's would call th'envenom'd adder's ire,
 A bee's esteem the threatening tiger's fire.

DAPHNIS.

Within a net the wild unruly wind,
 The sea in narrow vase may be confin'd ;
 The river backward to its source retreat ;
 The stags amidst the air green pastures meet :

Arcturus hide himself in clearest night ;
 The wolf and lamb in amity delight ;
 The moon at day, the sun at night will shine,
 Before lost pleasure shall again be mine.

VIRGIL.

The boist'rous tempest, and the pealing sound
 Of thunder rending all the welkin round ;
 The foaming torrent, swell'd by constant rains,
 That pours destruction o'er the fertile plains ;
 Or the fierce bull, enrag'd by adverse blows,
 Whom scarce the valiant lion dares oppose ;
 With greater ease and safety can I brook,
 Than from my Sylvia one indignant look,

DAPHNIS.

Ye rural Fauns that haunt the hazle wood,
 So may the Nymphs in vain your search elude !
 So may they be propitious to your claims,
 And their soft bosoms glow with equal flames !
 Oh !

Oh ! make the breathing of my tender sighs
Before the fair but cruel Charis rise,
Who, not to listen to what Daphnis feels,
Her hearing like the adder still conceals.

VIRGIL.

The rocks and stony mountains I frequent
Have long since soften'd at my sad complaint;
The riv'lets with my constant tears increase,
And to divert me ne'er their murmurs cease;
The warbling birds their little nests resign,
To mix their sweetly-plaintive notes with mine;
And only Sylvia shuns me of them all,
She will not answer when I fondly call.

DAPHNIS.

O Charis, whom far brighter charms adorn,
Than roses in the pearly dew of morn ;
From whom more sweetness than from honey
flows,
Whose bosom's whiter than the driven snows ;
If

If thou wilt deign my amorous tale to hear,
And with endearing smiles thy shepherd cheer,
His bleating flocks, his crook shall charm no
more,

Thee will he follow, thee alone adore,

VIRGIL.

Lo! Nature laughs, and lo! how lovely blooms
The cheerful robe of green she reassumes!
The fields and meadows all around us smile,
And flow'rs of various hue adorn the soil;
New blossoms and new leaves the forest bears,
And Philomel her piteous tale declares;
The falling dews refresh the herbs again,
But I still languish from my fair's disdain,

The sun, now sparing of his parting rays,
Emitted o'er the earth a fainter blaze;
And now just dipping in the azure sea,
To the fixt eye his burnish'd face was free;

And

And still with louder notes the forest round
 Was heard the pleasing pipe's melodious sound ;
 When first the shepherd youths forsook the place,
 Back to their homely cots their steps to trace,

HALLER's

HALLER's ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

MY verse shall sing of Marianna's death,
 But ah ! how bid according numbers rise,
 While sigh succeeding sigh suspends my breath,
 And one idea before another flies ?

The memory of the joy thou didst impart,
 Gives now, my fair, a keener edge to pain,
 I probe the wounds of my still bleeding heart,
 And mourn thy loss thy fatal loss again,

Yet is my love too strong to bear control,
 And never wife deserv'd it half so well ;
 Thy image, deeply graven on my soul,
 With less expressive silence scorns to dwell,

Moreo'er

Moreo'er the fond descriptions of our love
 Partly my former happiness renew,
 Recall whatever long I hop'd to prove,
 When our two hearts in one fond union grew.

These plaints wit dictates not, nor do I tune
 The feigning poet's artificial song :
 To the sighs only of a heart undone,
 O'erwhelm'd with mourning, these sad
 strains belong.

Yes, I will paint my soul, dejection-fraught,
 That from consuming love finds no relief,
 And musing still on many a bitter thought,
 Wanders in endless labyrinths of grief.

I see thee, such as when thou didst expire,
 When I approach'd with ardent hope replete,
 And thou assembled'st all thy dying fire,
 To give my last demand an answer sweet.

O! soul,

O! soul, adorn'd with sentiments divine,
 That my affliction only seem'd to feel,
 In thy last actions did submission shine,
 And thy last words did tend'rest love reveal!

Ah! whither, whither shall I fly to find
 A place of rest from painful objects near?
 These walls wherein I lost thee, yonder fane
 That holds thy ashes, and those children dear!

How my blood boils as often as thy charms
 In those beloved images I see,
 That, prattling, seek their mother in my arms!
 Ah! whither fly! why can't I fly to thee?

The tears of anguish ever ought to flow;
 I, Marianna, was thy only friend,
 Thy family I caus'd thee to forego,
 In luckless hour, my parting steps t'attend.

I too

I too depriv'd thee of thy native land,
 That joy'd to see thy lovely virgin bloom,
 I tore thee from thy parent's tender hand,
 To lead thee, ah ! to lead thee to the tomb.

To thy companions when thou bad'st adieu,
 When thy fond sister gave a last embrace,
 And slowly disappearing from our view,
 We saw no more thy happy rural place :

With what endearing goodness didst thou say,
 "My soul from ev'ry painful thought is free,
 "What have I to regret ? I go away,
 "But Haller, gentle Haller, goes with me."

Can I without a bitter tear recall
 The day that we assum'd the nuptial chain?
 Ev'n now joy mingles with affliction's gall,
 And transports almost drown the throbs of
 pain.

Thy

Thy heart was exquisitely good ; that heart
 Which all its charms forgot, its wealth, its
 birth,

And when I did my poverty impart,
 Deem'd that no blemish to interior worth.

Soon youth forsook thee, and thy prudent mind
 Did all the gayer scenes of life disown,
 And leaving virtue's common track behind,
 Lovely thou wert, and fair for me alone.

Thy soul was strongly knit to mine, unmov'd
 At any pains but those I underwent ;
 And ravish'd with one only look that prov'd
 The husband of thy bosom was content.

A mind from worldly vanities detach'd,
 With all the charms of innate goodness deck'd,
 A mildness, a tranquility unmatch'd,
 That joy could never swell, nor grief deject.

An

An humble acquiescence thro' each stage
 Of life to heav'n's all-wise unerring ends ;
 A model in the education sage
 Of thy sweet children to admiring friends.

An unsuspecting heart, humane, sincere,
 Form'd to dispel or soften adverse blows :—
 Lo ! once the source of all my pleasures here,
 But now the fatal cause of all my woes !

How wond'rous was my love ! 'twas more,
 far more

Than I could express, or thou conceive,
 More than the world will ever think I bore,
 And more than I did e'en myself believe.

Oftimes, with ecstasy embracing thee,
 My heart suggested, struck with secret fear,
 " Alas ! if e'er she should be snatch'd from me !"
 And from my cheek I wip'd the stealing tear.

H

The

The deep affliction of my soul will last
 Ev'n when the fountain of my tears is dry ;
 Far other clouds the mourning heart o'ercast
 Than those which cover sorrow's streaming
 eye.

The first affection of my happy youth,
 The sweet remembrance of thy gentle sway,
 The admiration of thy blameless truth,
 Are pleasing tributes I delight to pay.

Amidst the thickest woods, beneath the shade
 Of some tall beech, where none shall hear
 my plaint,
 Thy lovely image shall my thoughts invade,
 And nothing shall distract the scenes they paint.

There shall thy ways be seen by me alone,
 The grief that did our parting bosoms burn,
 Thy tender love at my embraces shewn,
 Thy inexpressive joy at my return.

Deep

Deep in the empire's distant boundaries,
 Thy steps amidst obscurity I'll trace,
 And seek thee far from every mortal's eyes,
 Who beneath thee performs his destin'd race.

There, Marianna, does thy innocence
 Shine in the splendor of celestial light ;
 Thither thy spotless soul escaping hence,
 Bursting its ancient barriers, wing'd her flight.

Thither the brightness long enur'd to bear
 Of majesty ineffable, thou find'st
 Bliss in his presence, and for me a prayer
 To the glad shouts of hymning angels join'st.

The use of my affliction thou dost learn,
 To thee God bids the book of fate appear,
 His views in parting us thou may'st discern,
 And the appointed term of my career.

O! best of women, whom I lov'd so well,
 Yet never lov'd enough, what tongue shall now
 Display thy wondrous charms, what language tell
 The beams of glory playing round thy brow.

A living hope exalts my soul on high,
 Oh! hear the ardent voice of my desire:
 Unfold thy loving arms; behold, I fly
 T' unite with thee, and heav'n's enchanting
 choir.

AN EVENING'S WALK
INTO
WOKINGHAM CHURCH YARD, BERKS.
TO A FRIEND.

TIR'D of the busy world, at eve I rove
Thro' mead or vale, o'er heath or broad
champain,
Seek the deep covert of some shady grove,
Or bend my steps towards yon sacred fane.

And there the last memorials of our race,
With kindred feelings, oft my eyes survey,
And by th' inscriptive lines with sorrow trace
The narrow limits of our transient day.

H 3

O Death !

O Death ! to mortal man relentless foe,
 Will not thy poison'd shafts be ever spent ?
 Can no intreaties stop the fatal blow,
 Or may we not elude the dread event ?

Impossible ! he spares nor sex, nor age—
 Now infancy, just creeping into life,
 Falls a sad victim to his murd'rous rage,
 Untimely slaughter'd by the tyrant's knife.

Now childhood, prattling age of innocence,
 That sees the smiling glories of the morn,
 In whose fair bosom ripens early sense,
 Sick'ning, like some new blossom drops
 forlorn :

Soft was the down upon its lovely cheek,
 The parents joy'd to see its rising charms ;
 But what the anguish of their souls can speak,
 When breathless lying in the mother's arms ?

The

The gentle youth, the tender-hearted maid
 Whose beauty rivals the meridian sun,
 Too oft behold the debt of nature paid,
 Ere yet the glass of life's a quarter run.

Few, wond'rous few, a good old age attain !
 And not ev'n age secures them happy hours :
 Perhaps they live in want, they breath in pain,
 And gather weeds when most they look
 for flowers.

But read yon tomb * ! there lies a faithful pair
 Whose days were milder than the falling dew,
 Fair rose their morn, their evening set as fair,
 And daily toil was all the care they knew.

* In memory of John Lambourn, and Mary his wife,
 an honest industrious couple, who lived together sixty
 years, and were buried the same evening in one grave ;
 he aged seventy-nine and nine months, she eighty.

When that was o'er, how sweetly they enjoy'd
 The cooling breezes at their homely door !
 Their harmless pleasures luxury never cloy'd,
 Nor pining envy rais'd a sigh for more.

Their sympathetic souls, in union twin'd,
 Grew like the acorn fitted to the cup ;
 And when his breath to heav'n he resign'd,
 She calmly gave her feeble remnant up.

Far different is the tomb that stands beside,
 Ah ! did not pride the costly fabric raise ?
 Forgive me, Charity ! but oh ! 'twas pride
 That fought its own and not another's praise.

What are the glories of a noble line,
 And all the fame my fathers justly won,
 If not in me their godlike virtues shine,
 And with unfading lustre crown their son.

Riches

Riches and titles, pomp and equipage,
 The gaudy tinsels that adorn the proud,
 No honor merit, no respect engage,
 Save from the giddy, idle, thoughtless crowd.

A blast from heaven blows them all away,
 And, lo ! the visionary boast is o'er,
 Extinguish'd is the short-liv'd dazzling ray,
 No more it blazes, it avails no more.

The fairest monuments of grandeur fail,
 The iron wastes beneath the cank'ring rust,
 The cruel fangs of time o'er force prevail,
 And all that's mortal crumbles into dust.

Whether at morn, at noon, or eve we die,
 In infancy or life's exulting bloom,
 The fatal stroke is pre-ordain'd on high,
 That sends unwary mortals to the tomb.

For

For the Almighty sees not with our eyes,
 He pierces thro' the deepest gloom of night :
 Now he commands his cheering sun to rise,
 And for a season now suspends its light.

He gives us birth at his appointed time,
 And marks the several stations we must fill ;
 And men dispers'd thro' ev'ry distant clime,
 Are all subservient to his mighty will.

Our frame we know not when he may destroy,
 Then, oh ! forgive thy moralizing friend,
 If even in the fairest hour of joy,
 He bids thee not forget thy latter end.

Thou

*“Thou shalt not take the Name of
the Lord thy God in vain.”*

THE fons of Britain's happy isle are brave,
Their bosoms no unmanly terrors know,
The first to meet the dangers of the wave,
Or swift destruction pour upon the foe.

Toils, such as not the heroes ev'n of old,
With all their boasted strength could hardly bear,
Their active spirits, resolutely bold,
With generous emulation, nobly share.

But tho' to fear, to hardships greatly blind,
Not one amongst them all will dare maintain,
'Tis any proof of a courageous mind
To take the sacred name of God in vain.

Strong

Strong as they are, and able well to cope
 With all the mighty pow'rs on earth conspir'd,
 Why will they give their tongues this useless
 scope,
 When with no wrongs, with no resentment
 fir'd ?

'Tis folly, nay 'tis madness to defy
 The majesty of heav'n, their only God,
 To call for swift-wing'd vengeance from on high,
 With blasphemies enough to freeze the blood.

To friendship ever feelingly alive,
 Around the festive board I joy to meet,
 And see my young companions gaily strive
 With sprightly wit to make the converse sweet.

But if some noisy inconfid'rate fool,
 Through wantonness, or passion, or excess,
 Some wretch, whose manners no restraint can rule,
 Presumes to curse whom heav'n designs to bless:

No

No more I love to hear the sprightly jest,
 My heart delights not in the festive board;
 'Tis but a hated joyless fight at best,
 Howe'er with choicest wines or viands stor'd.

THE SUPPLICATION.

AMIDST the checquer'd scenes of human life,
 The various ills, alas ! we can't foresee ;
 Corroding care, disease, reproach and strife,
 Should rude misfortune still attend on me :

 All-gracious Heav'n thy sacred will be done,
 But oh ! preserve the partner of my soul,
 And let her years, with happiness begun,
 In one continued prosp'rous series roll.

TO

TO
A YOUNG LADY,
DURING A
THUNDER STORM.

LET not those sudden starts, fair maid,
Bespeak thy soul-alarmsing fear,
To see the lightning thro' the glade,
Or hear the awful thunder near.

It is for guilt, for guilt alone,
To tremble when the flashes shine,
To think heav'n's vengeance all its own,
And not for innocence like thine.

THE

THE COMPARISON.

O'ER every flow'r that decks the fields,
 And opes its beauties to the dawn,
 The mead, the vale, the garden yields,
 Or gilds with varied tints the lawn ;

The lovely rose transcendent smiles,
 Its breast enamour'd Zephyr meets,
 And whilst its bloom the sight beguiles,
 Enchants us with a thousand sweets.

Ev'n thus, the charms of other belles,
 The blush which Emma's cheeks disclose,
 All, all must own as much excels
 As other flow'rs the sweetest rose.

TO

TO
A LADY, WITH FLOWERS.

PERMIT me, Molly, lovely maid,
These flowers at your feet to lay,
'Tis true at evening they will fade,
The pride and glory of a day !

Learn hence this moral, that as time
Your bloom of beauty will impair,
The charms that grace your youthful prime,
May with these fading flowers compare.

Oh ! let not then the moments fly
Unheeded, unimprov'd away,
Far brighter charms can sense supply
Than beauty, glory of a day !

SONGS.

S O N G S.

E M M A.

THE verdant plains, the blooming meads
 Unnumber'd sweets disclose,
 When spring to winter's frost succeeds,
 And gentle Zephyr blows :
 Returning spring's luxuriant train,
 In pride of lovely May,
 Would charm my anxious soul in vain,
 My Emma dear away.

How happy flew the smiling hour
 In her dear presence past,
 Enrich'd by love's auspicious pow'r
 With joys too great to last !
 For ev'n tho' threat'ning storms prevail'd
 Amidst the low'ring sky,
 Content the op'ning dawn I hail'd,
 My dearest Emma nigh.

I

The

The ivy, left without a stay
 To aid its fond ascent,
 In conscious weakness pines away,
 Alone to live unmeant :
 So torn, my fancy's queen*, from thee,
 In vain I seek for rest,
 No pleasure ever beams on me,
 To cheer my penfive breast.

* *Fancy's Queen*---An expression from Shakspeare's Twelfth
 Night.

THE
LASS OF ANNANDALE.

THE lassie gay of Annandale
Is sprightly, gay, and free,
Her ringlets wanton in the gale,
What lovelier can there be !
In filken shoon she trips the green,
Let ilka swain beware,
For ne'er in Annan's braes was seen
A lassie half sae fair.

Nae pride has she, nae manners fause,
Nae failing stains her mind ;
Nae youth has cause to fay she's cross,
She's modest, meek, and kind.
She sings, let ilka swain beware
That dwells the braes around,
For, ah ! by silver Tweed I swear
There's magic in the sound.

She is nae like the high-born maid,

Whose merit is her store,

But wi' superior charms array'd

To gems or gouden ore.

Then give me heav'n—but whist! who's this

That trips along the vale?

Let ilka fwain beware, it is

The lass of Annandale.

NANCY,

NANCY, A PASTORAL.

YE shepherds, so happy and gay,
 Whose flocks range the meadows along,
 'Tis Nancy, more charming than May,
 That claims your sweet pipes to my song.
 Not May in her mantlet of green,
 And garland of flowers so fair,
 Like her can embellish the scene,
 No flowers with her can compare.

When first she appear'd on the plain,
 Stern Winter his empire resign'd,
 And Spring with her frolicksome train
 Came laughing his exit to find :
 Then call'd forth the nymphs of the grove,
 Her summons they gladly obey'd,
 And breathing the fondness of love,
 Their sov'reign they crown'd the dear maid.

The goldfinch I've heard on the spray
 His notes of soft melody tune,
 The lark welomes in the new day,
 And Philomel charms us at noon :
 But nothing can surely excel
 The musical sound of her voice,
 'The birds on her accents may dwell,
 The hills and the woodlands' rejoice.

Then come my good shepherds away,
 Your pipes well may ravish the ear,
 No longer 'tis right to delay,
 For Nancy already is here :
 And, lo ! where the graces advance,
 With love their companion and guide,
 Invite us to lead the gay dance,
 And o'er the true pastime preside.

A SOLDIER's

A SOLDIER'S SONG

BEFORE BATTLE.

WHEN glory calls the brave to arms,
 Their bosoms nobly glow,
 Then peace in vain unfolds her charms,
 To camps and fields they go :

There, each collected in his might,
 All toil and danger braves,
 And, in the thickest of the fight,
 The palm of honor craves.

String, string my arm, oh ! God of hosts,
 To meet the daring foe,
 'Tis thou alone canst quell their boasts,
 From whom all vict'ries flow.

A JOVIAL SONG.

SONS of mirth and jollity

Hither hasten, we'll be gay,

And to true festivity

Dedicate this happy day.

Sons of mirth, &c.

Joys enough to life belong,

If we seek them where we ought,

In the bottle, dance, and song,

There they should be ever fought.

Sons of mirth, &c.

Blest with competence and health,

Cræsus' gold we may defy,

Since content's the soul of wealth,

None but fools for more will fight.

Sons of mirth, &c.

Drink

Drink about then, drink about,
Never fear to waste our store,
Tho' we see the bottles out,
Thanks to heaven we have more.
Sons of mirth, &c.

CON-

CONTENTMENT.

WHILST some are endeavouring wealth
to obtain,

And others are plodding vain titles to gain,
Nor ambition disturbs me, nor riches torment,
I'm happy with little, and humbly content.

Let epicures think that all pleasures consist
In the charms of a bottle or delicate feast,
No wish for a dainty my heart shall torment,
With a tankard of ale and a firloin content.

Let coxcombs, who place their affections on dress,
Fine cloaths and lac'd ruffles unnumber'd possess,
The want of no finery e'er shall torment,
While my coat is but decent and plain I'm
content.

Let

Let the proud in precedence their happiness fix,
 And parade it about in their coaches and fix ;
 While free from all pains that our bodies torment,
 I envy them not, for to walk I'm content.

Round a circle of belles let the libertine range,
 Variety seek, and delight in a change,
 No cares with the maiden I love can torment,
 She's constant to me, and I'm truly content.

Then listen, like me if you wish to be blest,
 Let whimsical folly ne'er enter your breast ;
 Then no fears shall invade you, no cares shall
 torment,

But let what will happen you'll still be content.

SUNG

SUNG ON A
FRIEND'S BIRTH DAY.

I Sing not of statesmen or heroes of old,
Of Ajax so strong, or Achilles so bold,
But of one who far more merits honor and fame,
The pride of his country, his friends, and his name,
Derry down, &c.

Full eighty long summers still true to his trust,
This man is all gallant, and liberal, and just ;
Like a Briton sincerely he sticks to his cause,
And thinks doing his duty the way to applause.
Derry down, &c.

To no factions ally'd, when it comes to the test
He gives his vote always to those who act best ;
And whether a Pitt or a Fox rule the roast,
That freedom may prosper is always his toast.
Derry down, &c.

With

With Tully himself in the rostrum he vies ;
 Before his sound doctrine all prejudice flies ;
 The hearts of the audience his arguments bend,
 With pleasure they hear, and with profit attend.

Derry down, &c.

Search thro' the whole world, and I'll venture a
 pound

To a shilling his equal is not to be found ;
 A subject so worthy as him, whom I sing,
 Is the brightest of gems in the crown of his king.

Derry down, &c.

May he flourish in strength like some hardy oak
 tree,

And his life be as happy as happy can be ;
 And may Heav'n to us all the choice blessing
 dispense,

To meet round this table a thousand years hence !

Derry down, &c.

SALLY's

SALLY'S HOLYDAY.

GUARDIAN pow'rs, whose tender care
Shields from harm the good and fair,
Grief and forrow chace away,
This is Sally's holyday.

Bring the harp, the tabret bring,
Gently strike the sounding string,
Nymphs and shepherds tune your lays,
Soft and sweet to Sally's praise.

Oh ! she's mild as cooling show'rs,
Shed in summer's sultry hours,
Fragrant as the balmy gales
India's spicy shore exhales !

Bright

Bright her eyes, as diamond beams,
 Shine with all resistless gleams ;
 While the beauties of her mind
 Are by sense and truth refin'd.

O'er her head thy kindly dews,
 Still, oh ! chearful health ! diffuse ;
 And let ev'ry calm delight
 Round her smiling long unite.

Guardian pow'rs, whose tender care
 Shields from harm the good and fair,
 Grief and sorrow chace away,
 This is Sally's holyday.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM I.

THE tuneful swine with merry pipe,
 Couch'd on a bed of miry clay,
 Of Grigory the truest type,
 Supinely snores the night away.
 Tho' this in grunting does excel,
 Whoever hears with me will join,
 That Grig'ry snores so passing well,
 He beats the noise of fifty swine.

EPIGRAM II.

MARY, as flirty as she's fair,
 A Doll for Tom one evening made,
 And slyly tied it to his hair :
 Quoth he, you little wicked jade,
 You take me for a fool I see,
 None of your bastards palm on me.

EPI-

EPIGRAM III.

PETER on Fridays most devoutly fasts,
 Soup maigre, fish, and rice are his repasts;
 But as he little likes such kind of food,
 So warm the nature is of Peter's blood,
 That to make fasting up another way,
 He lies with Doll his wife full half the day.

EPIGRAM IV.

Iwish, cries Nelly, I could change
 My queer untoward name :
 Says cousin Jack, that's no ways strange,
 Your sex all wish the same.

EPIGRAM V.

SAYS Peg to Pat, I'm fore afraid
 Poor I am doom'd to die a maid :
 Nay that's impossible, quoth Pat,
 For you and Dick have settled that.

K

EPI-

EPIGRAM VI.

MISS Bridget, fifty years of age,
 Got snug into the Brentford stage,
 And laid a wager there,
 That tho' the wheels went e'er so fast,
 Her tongue should make us all at last
 To her the palm declare.

Off went the coach, and o'er the stones
 Rattled enough to break one's bones,
 Her tongue began to thunder,
 And kept up such a horrid din,
 The wheels that had no chance to win,
 At HammerSmith knock'd under.

EPIGRAM VII.

THE TWO SOLOMONS,

OR,

THE PARADOX.

FATHER and son ne'er differ'd more,
 Yet never were so like before ;
 Papa would do to scare a crow,
 Young master make a handsome beau :
 Thus far they differ, now we'll see
 How well these famous two agree,—
 In sense they're just like one another,
 The one's a fool, and so is t'other.

EPI T A P H.

STOP, passenger! and read th' instructive
stone,

That tells my fate shall shortly be thine own;
Undaunted would'st thou wish to meet thy doom,
This humble lesson gather at my tomb.

Whate'er thy lot, keep honesty in view,
To God,—thy neighbour as thyself, be true;
Learn each tumultuous passion to subdue,
Hear reason's voice, and reason's path pursue:
Avoid ambition, faction's vip'rous brood,
And pride, except the pride of doing good:
Then, spite of fortune's blind inconstant ways,
Soft peace and sweet content shall bless thy days,
And when the vale of misery is past,
A crown of glory be thy meed at last.

What were my merits while on earth below,
A future day,—a certain one, will shew.

EPI-

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

KNOW, mortal man! howe'er thy wealth
 Can ev'ry earthly wish forestall,
 Howe'er thou boastest strength or health,
 Thou soon shalt be bereft of all.
 Go then, and as to thee is giv'n,
 Endeavour wisely to fulfil,
 By laying treasures up in heav'n,
 Thy sacred Lord and Master's will.
 Go, like this angel woman, act the best,
 And each returning morn shall see thee blest.

EPITAPH ON A LYING OLD LADY

WITH A FINE INSCRIPTION
ON HER TOMB STONE.

BENEATH this stone,
Here lies old Joan,
Who while alive
She did survive,
Whene'er she spake,
A lie did make ;
But now she's dead,
And breath has fled,
This canting stone
Speaks lies for Joan.

TO

TO MISS A. D.

WITH A COPY OF THESE POEMS.

TO please her love my Emma wrought
 A vesture elegantly gay,
 With many a beauteous flower 'twas fraught,
 That sweetly-fragrant blows in May :
 Touch'd by her hand the filks assume
 A brighter hue, a softer bloom.

Tho' not like thine the work excels,
 A lover's gift accept, my fair ;
 Within his breast it truly tells
 That thou alone art center'd there.
 And, Oh ! may ev'ry muse inspire
 The youth who tunes for thee the lyre.

F I N I S.



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